

VISITING PIONEER VILLAGE 4-5-'87

The indian mortar rock
outside the museum
tells me all I need to know

but I buy a ticket anyway
go through a turnstile
and enter the village

A path beckons me left
I follow the scent of flowers
to the next corner

where a crabapple tree
explodes in pink before my
eyes

here
light encompasses everything
the sky of unremembered blue
forgot

adorned with a fairytale cloud
that may part
and disclose angels in stetsons